



SLOW



No. 11

\$2.95

DEATH



SLOW DEATH #11 ©1992 Ronald E. Turner. **PUBLISHED BY LAST GASP ECO-FUN-NIES.** Front Cover, Inside Front Cover, Cheers, Darnold Duck ©1992 Greg Irons, Cold Snap ©1992 Bryan Talbot & Alan Moore, Overture to Armageddon! ©1992 Warren Greenwood, Conservation ©1992 Peter Sinclair, Super Cosmic Comix Creator Comix ©1992 Wally Wood, The Big Catch ©1992 John Edgar, Panic in Year Zero ©1992 Graham Manley, The Planet Earth's Tropical Rain Forests ©1992 R. Waldmire, Making Money ©1992 Vince Ballard, Greg's Last Tattoo ©1992 Tom Veitch. Cover Colorist: Mary Kay Mitchell. Helpful Archivist: Mark Irons. Editor-in-Chief: R.E. Turner. Editorial Assistant: E. Gilbert.

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Greg's Last Tattoo

Cartooning is a dangerous art form, like dancing on a freeway naked...or stepping out in front of a bus.

The communication between cartoon art and its audience is powerfully direct. For this reason, the medium puts an absolute demand for honesty on its practitioners. A *poseur* might get by as a poet, a gallery artist, or a rock star. But a *phony* cartoonist will never be mistaken for a *great* cartoonist.

Robert Crumb realized the total vulnerability of his chosen craft, and turned that vulnerability into an asset by inventing the "confessional" comic strip.

A whole genre has grown out of Crumb's autobiographical explorations, and one can safely predict that "confessional" comics will be with us for a long long time.

Confessional comics were probably not Greg Irons' natural genre. As a young firebrand on the San Francisco/Berkeley scene in the late sixties and early seventies, his greatest strengths were political satire and ecological outrage (with horror and science-fiction/fantasy close behind).

But by the mid-seventies, unhappy events in his own life turned him inward, toward satirical self-examination. He began a series of autobiographical strips starring Gregor, "the purple-assed babboon." In these stories Greg seemed to be trying to resolve a major identity crisis, as he mocked himself mercilessly.

I'm told that the two stories printed here for the first time are Greg's last finished comic work before he was killed by a bus in Bangkok, Thailand, in November 1984. (Another story, his final "GI/TV" collaboration, had reached rough pencils by the time of his death.)

These two stories are in the confessional genre Greg had come to favor. They are satirical looks at events in his own life.

In the first, Greg depicts himself as "Darnold Duck", the character from the old Kurtzmann/Elder Disney parody. Like his "Darnold", Greg really did buy a big old gaff-rigged sloop which he

envisioned, in his fantasies, would give him safe passage out of the coming apocalypse. The story pretty much reflects, in a wildly exaggerated way, the outcome of Greg's schemes.

The second story, starring the infamous Gregor, is about Greg's love-hate relationship with a vintage Volkswagen...and his subsequent bicycle accident, in which his face was torn open by a windshield wiper.

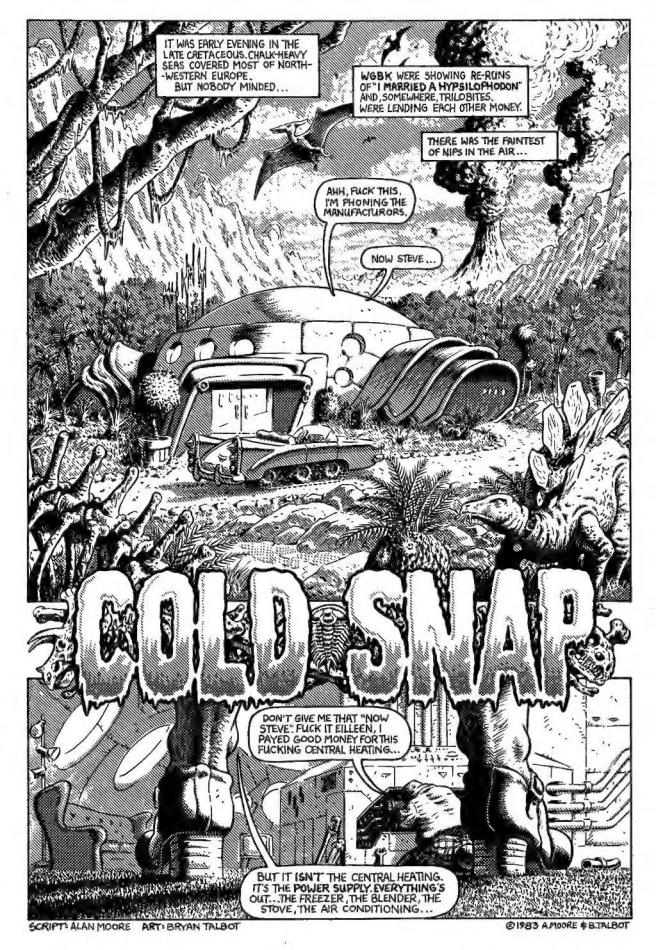
The panel where the machete comes down on Gregor's snout -- "Here comes Mr. Karma."-- seems scarily prophetic of the terrible event that terminated Greg's life at age 37.

I'm proud to say that Greg Irons was my friend. I'm proud of the outrageous comics we did together. My only regret is that he has gone largely unrecognized by the world at large. It always seemed to me that his was a talent that could and should bloom into the stature of a Dürer, a Hogarth, or even a Goya. The man was a genius, and an artist who had only begun to tap the resources at his disposal.

Greg made a number of choices, based on honesty, that had the effect of curtailing his career as a cartoonist. He, like Crumb, was invited to sell his vision to Ralph Bakshi. Greg turned Bakshi down. He, like most of the underground artists, was invited to contribute his work free-of-charge to the "Rolling Stone History of Underground Comix". Greg saw a rip-off, and refused, and the power-brokers at Rolling Stone aced him out of the book (together with S. Clay Wilson, who also refused.)

Greg made many decisions like that, decisions of moral principle, decisions not to sell out to the exploitative media establishment, decisions that cost him a wider success.

But some of us have not forgotten Greg Irons. How could we forget? In my own life, his stands as one of the most intense -- and honest -- relationships I ever had.



IT WAS EARLY EVENING IN THE
LATE CRETACEOUS. CHALK-HEAVY
SEAS COVERED MOST OF NORTH-
WESTERN EUROPE.
BUT NOBODY MINDED...

WGBK WERE SHOWING RE-RUNS
OF "I MARRIED A HYPISILOPHOON"
AND, SOMEWHERE, TRILOBITES
WERE LENDING EACH OTHER MONEY.

THERE WAS THE FAINTEST
OF NIPS IN THE AIR...

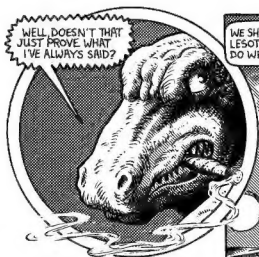
AHH, FUCK THIS.
I'M PHONING THE
MANUFACTURERS.

NOW STEVE...

COLD SNAR

DON'T GIVE ME THAT "NOW
STEVE." FUCK IT EILLEN, I
PAYED GOOD MONEY FOR THIS
FUCKING CENTRAL HEATING...

BUT IT ISN'T THE CENTRAL HEATING.
IT'S THE POWER SUPPLY. EVERYTHING'S
OUT... THE FREEZER, THE BLENDER, THE
STOVE, THE AIR CONDITIONING...



WELL, DOESN'T THAT
JUST PROVE WHAT
I'VE ALWAYS SAID?



WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ELECTED A
LESOTHO SAURUS. I MEAN ... WHAT
DO WE **KNOW** ABOUT HIM? NOTHING!

OH DEAR.

LOOK, THAT WAS
THE DOOR. I'D BETTER
GO AND SEE ...

...WORK YOURSELF TO
FUCKING DEATH...
WHAT DO YOU GET?



OH, ROGER. COME IN.

HELLO EILLEN.



IT'S ROGER,
STEVE...

HI, STEVE. LISTEN, DO YOU STILL
HAVE THAT OLD PUSH-MOWER?
THE HOVERS ON THE FRITZ AND
IF I DON'T GET THE LAWN DONE
MARION'LL GO FUCKING CRAZY.

UHH...EXCUSE MY
CERATOSAURIAN
THERE, EILLEN.



THAT OLD MOWER?
HMMM. SHIT. I DON'T
KNOW. I'LL TAKE A LOOK
IN A MINUTE OR TWO.

WANNA BEER?

YEAH, SAY, IS
IT COLD IN HERE?

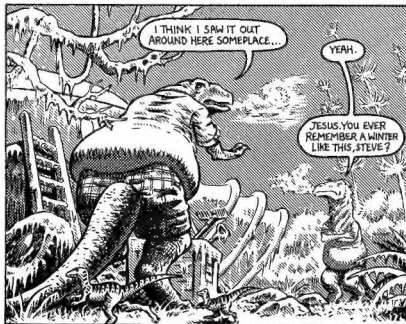


YEAH, POWER'S OFF. PROBABLY WHY YOUR
HOVER AIN'T WORKING. YOU SEEN ALL THIS
ENERGY CRISIS SHIT IN THE PAPER?

HERE'S YOUR
BEER.

THANKS...





I THINK I SAW IT OUT AROUND HERE SOMEPLACE...

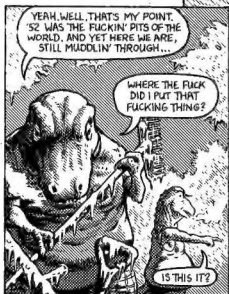
YEAH.

JESUS. YOU EVER REMEMBER A WINTER LIKE THIS, STEVE?



WELL, FUCK. THE WINTER OF '48 WASN'T ANY CAKEWALK. AND '52. '52 WAS BAD TOO.

OH YEAH. '52. I REMEMBER THAT. YEAH. THAT WAS BAD.



YEAH. WELL. THAT'S MY POINT. '52 WAS THE FUCKIN' PITS OF THE WORLD. AND YET HERE WE ARE, STILL MUDDLIN' THROUGH...

WHERE THE FUCK DID I PUT THAT FUCKING THING?

IS THIS IT?



AH FUCK.

SHIT. I'M SORRY ROG...

HEY, LOOK. DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. IT'S ONLY MY FUCKING LAWN, RIGHT?



I MEAN... IT'S NOT THE END OF THE FUCKING WORLD...

LATER, THE POWER CAME BACK ON FOR AN HOUR AND EILLEN HOOVERED THE KIDS' ROOM AND STEVE WATCHED "NODOSAURUS PATROL". IT WAS EARLY EVENING IN THE LATE CRETACEOUS...

END.

When most people think about new resources of energy, they think of "producing" more energy, mining more coal, drilling for more oil, or finding new gas deposits.....



© 1980 Peter Sinclair

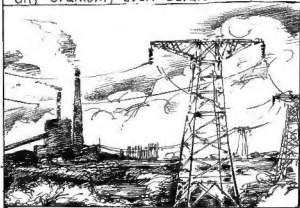
CONSERVATION

our best new energy resource

But remember, none of these processes "produce" energy. The energy of coal, for instance, is stored solar power from ancient forests.....



... all man does is find it and convert it to a more useful form. The same is true for all our sources of energy, oil, uranium, even solar.



In this country, huge amounts of energy pass out of our windows, walls, chimnies and exhaust pipes each day, in fact almost half of what we use is lost....



If we could tap this enormous flow of energy, and convert it to a more useful form, it would be as valuable as many, many, new oil fields.



This is the idea of Energy Efficiency.

After all, what do we want from our energy supply, more and more Killowatts?



We can provide energy services with much less consumption, and only very simple changes are needed to cut down our energy needs.



For instance, the proper use of window shades, to keep heat out in summer and inside in winter, could save our country's homeowners the equivalent of 160 million barrels of oil per year!



In Toronto, the new 20 story headquarters of Ontario Hydro uses no energy inputs whatsoever, other than the heat from its lights, office machines, and human occupants!



No, what we want is lighting, warmth, power for appliances. In short, not necessarily more energy, but more energy services.



The idea that low energy living must be difficult and uncomfortable is mistaken. Most of the changes that need to be made are simple, inexpensive, and have minimal impact upon daily life styles.



At Boston University, a switch to energy saving shower heads produced a savings of 1600 dollars per month in hot water bills!



A utility found that with a conservation program for their customers, they could increase their own profits and serve more customers with the same amount



In America, utility laws and rate structures have been designed to encourage growth in demand. This may have been a good idea once, but no longer. Nowadays it actually pays for utilities to build generating plants that stand idle and unused!



Nowadays this is beginning to change. We have reached the point of diminishing returns with the old ways.... and people are starting to wonder if this is the best way to continue.....



The philosophy that "bigger is better" has not always been true. A big project that goes astray is a big headache for everyone. Just look at the fiasco of Three Mile Island.....



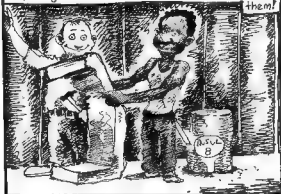
General Public Utilities, which owns 3 mile Island, has reviewed many of its old practices, and decided that it could meet its demand with a conservation program far more cheaply than with building new power plants.



This is important! In many states, utility bills are so high that the state gives aid to help the poor and elderly pay them. But this money doesn't really help the poor, it goes straight to the utility... actually subsidizing their high costs!



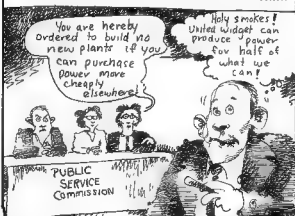
What if this money were spent on insulation programs, which would permanently lower peoples energy bills, cut our national oil consumption and give jobs to workers who need them?



There are other tremendous opportunities for savings. For instance, Many large industrial sites produce their own steam and electricity, sometimes more than they need. But the law says only utilities are allowed to sell electricity....



What if the rules were changed to allow anyone to sell power? Wouldn't the increased competition and supply lower our electrical rates? Public Service Commissions could make these changes and have done so in California....



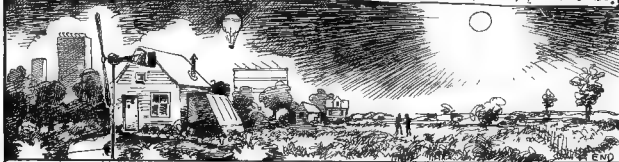
In California, bringing this until now untapped capacity on line is expected to produce new electricity equivalent to 6 huge nuclear plants. Nationwide—we could avoid the construction of dozens, even hundreds, of large power facilities.



Since we would be increasing our energy production with little increase in fuel consumption—we could avoid the environmental damage of developing new supplies of coal or uranium....



With 6% of the world's people, our country uses 30% of the world's resources. Obviously we have great potential to economize and conserve. The simple changes that we need to make are much less expensive than it would be to produce new energy sources, and making these changes will produce many, many, jobs for those that need them most. As energy costs rise, conservation techniques gain a greater foothold, not because a government is forcing them on us, but because they simply make sense!



DARNOLD DUCK TAKES TO THE NAUTICAL LIFE LIKE A DUCK TO WATER. WITH THE PROCEEDS OF HIS QUESTIONABLE DEALINGS, HE'S PROCURED HIMSELF A YATCH AND PARKED IT ON THE MUD FLATS WHERE IT'S SIEVE LIKE HULL FILLS AND EMPTIES WITH EACH TURN OF THE TIDE.



DARNOLD IS STOCKING UP, BUYING CHEAP SO HE CAN SELL DEAR LATER.



DARNOLD IS A REALIST. A SURVIVALIST. A SUBSCRIBER TO THE VIEWS OF THE APOCALYPTIC VISIONARIES.



DARNOLD PLANS TO FERRY THE SURVIVORS OF THE "BIG SHIT STORM" TO SAFETY— FOR A PRICE.



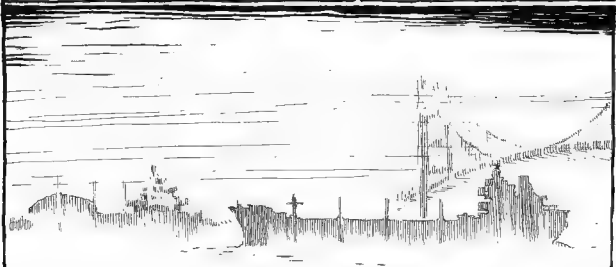
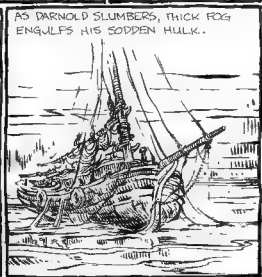
RAISE THE JOLLY ROGER. COMMANDER. SUPPLIES. TAKE HIS TAGES.



DARNOLD DREAMS SWEET DREAMS OF BIG PROFITS AS HE SLEEPS UPON THE BOSOM OF THE DEEP.



AS DARNOLD SLUMBERS, THICK FOG ENGULFS HIS SODDEN HULK.



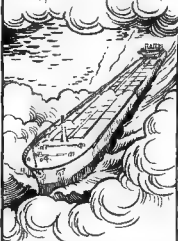
MEANWHILE THERE IS OTHER BUSINESS AFOOT UPON THE ROLLING WAVES. HUGE SHADOWS MOVE THROUGH THE DENSE MISTS, DELIVERING THE CRUDE THAT WILL FIRE THE ENGINES AND LUBE THE WHEELS OF DARNOLD'S IMPENDING FORTUNES.

DARNOLD PLANS TO BE FAR AWAY BY THEN..



OBLIVIOUS TO THE DUCK'S SCHEMES, THE "ARCO SHAH" PLOWS THROUGH THE FOG

WHILE HALF A MILE AWAY, TONS OF CRUDE



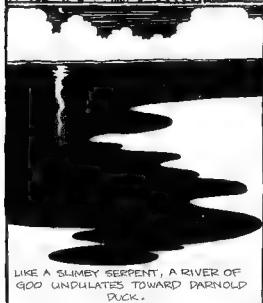
MILLIONS OF GALLONS CHURN THROUGH THE OPAQUE MISTS.

SIR RADAR INDICATES A LARGE VESSEL DEAD AHEAD! SHE DOESN'T RESPOND TO SIGNALS!



FULL ASTERN... TOO LATE.

TONS OF PRECIOUS OIL POUR FROM THE RUPTURED TANKS..



LIKE A SLIMEY SERPENT, A RIVER OF GOO UNDULATES TOWARD DARNOLD DUCK.



MORNING DARNOLD.





UP AND AT 'EM, DUCK.
YOUR EMPIRE AWAITS YOU.



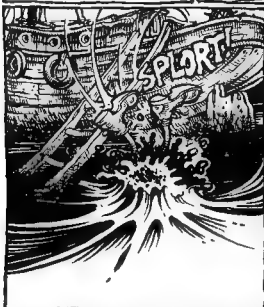
TODAY DARNOLD PLANS
TO CORNER THE MARKET
ON TAMPONS & TOILET
PAPER.



TOMORROW THE
WORLD, DARNOLD
DUCK.



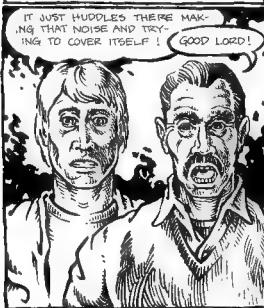
... IF YOU DON'T
SLIP UP...



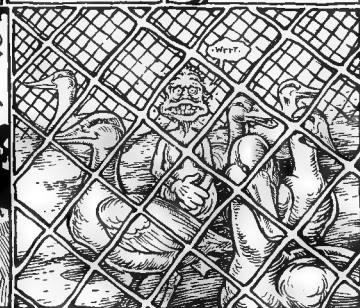
MR. PURCELL: QUICK!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE IT... THE TEETH
ON THE THING.



IT MUST HAVE COME IN WITH
THE BIRDS WE CLEANED UP IN THE
OIL SPILL. I DIDN'T NOTICE
IT YESTERDAY, BUT THIS
MORNING, IT WAS THERE
WITH THE OTHERS!



IT JUST HUDDLES THERE MAK-
ING THAT NOISE AND TRY-
ING TO COVER ITSELF! GOOD LORD!



WEE!



HI THERE ALL YOU ECO-FREAKS!-IT'S YER PAL THE OLD MUTANT DROOLIN' AT YA!-HEY-ENERGY YA KNOW-I AINT GOT TOO MUCH OF IT MYSELF- GUESS I'M WHAT YA MIGHT CALL A BURNT OUT CASE!!-HEH!!-WELL HERE'S A TANTALIZIN' LITTLE TALE ABOUT A GUY THAT HAD ALL THE ENERGY IN THE WORLD-LITERALLY

BOOM IN YOUR HEAR

IT WAS THE MIDDLE OF 1984 WHEN IT HAPPENED-MOST PEOPLE HAD KINDA FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE ENERGY CRISIS-THERE WAS TOO MUCH ELSE TO WORRY ABOUT....

WHAT WITH REAGAN, THATCHER, ANDROPOV AND ALL THE OTHER LUNATICS THAT CONTROLLED THINGS THE PROSPECTS FOR HUMANITY'S FUTURE WERENT EXACTLY MUNKY-DOOKY!

-IN FACT THE MAJORITY OF PEOPLE DIDNT EVEN GIVE A THOUGHT TO DIMINISHING ENERGY RESOURCES OR THE ALL-PERVASIVE POLLUTION OF THE ENVIRONMENT....



-HERE IS THE NEWS- DEATH, SLAUGHTER, HUNGER, SUFFERING, BLAH BLAH-ETC....



BUT FROM THE MILLIONS THAT STRUT AND SCURRY ACROSS THE SURFACE OF THIS INSIGNIFICANT MUDBALL WE CALL EARTH WE TURN THE SPOT-LIGHT ON ONE MAN-- ARNOLD VEEBLEFELTZER THIS IS HIS STORY....

ARNOLD WAS A MAN OBSESSED!! ONE WORD POUNDED INSISTENTLY IN HIS SKULL-ENERGY-EARTH'S RESOURCES WERE RUNNING OUT WE MUST CEASE OUR DEPENDANCE ON RAPIDLY DEPLETING FOSSIL FUELS, CEASE TINKERING WITH DANGEROUSLY UNSTABLE ENERGY SOURCES, OR CIVILIZATION AS WE KNOW IT WOULD BE IRREVOCABLY DOOMED!!

-NOW, ARNOLD WASNT JUST SOME AVERAGE JOE LIKE YOU OR ME- OH NO, THIS IS THE CLINCHER- ARNOLD VEEBLEFELTZER WAS A BONA-FIDE 100% GENIUS!!



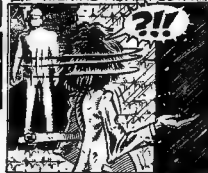
ARNOLD HAD DESIGNED A DEVICE THAT COULD PRODUCE VIRTUALLY LIMITLESS AMOUNTS OF NON POLLUTING ENERGY-IF ONLY MANKIND WOULD COME TO ITS SENSES THE WORLDS ENERGY PROBLEMS COULD BE SOLVED AT A STROKE!!-ALL IT NEEDED WAS MONEY, VAST QUANTITIES OF MONEY!!-BUT ARNOLD HAD A PROBLEM-NOBODY WOULD TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY.....



...THUS BEGAN A SEEMINGLY
ENDLESS CYCLE OF REJECTION



-BUT FATE PLAYS STRANGE TRICKS
-A SUDDEN RAINSTORM, -AN
EYECATCHING MOVIE POSTER.



AND IN THE
DARKNESS OF
THE AUDITORIUM.



...CAME THE
GENESIS OF
THE GREAT
IDEA!

-A DEMONSTRATION SO
DRAMATIC, SO STARTLING THAT
THE WORLD'S LEADERS WOULD
BE FORCED TO TAKE NEED.
-WITH THE RESOURCES AT HIS
DISPOSAL ARNOLD WOULD
CONSTRUCT A MACHINE THAT
WOULD DRAIN ALL THE ENERGY
IN THE WORLD FOR A LIMITED
PERIOD.

PERIOD... THEN, AND ONLY
THEN WOULD HE STEP FROM
THE SHADOWS, RETURN
THINGS TO NORMAL,
REVEAL HIS PLANS,
AND THE WORLD WOULD BE
SAVED...

... THEN WOULD COME
- THE GLORY!!

YAY ARNIE!



THE LONG AWAITED
RECOGNITION OF HIS GENIUS!

...AND SO ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FAITHFUL ASSISTANT
FURBLE, ARNOLD TOOK OUT A LEASE ON AN ISOLATED
MANSION.....



AND, AFTER MONTHS OF PAINSTAKING EXPERIMENTS.....

INSERT THE 'A' INTO SLOT 'B'
WHILST FOLDING THE 'C' TO
FORM A—**ア**—**カ**!!



GOOD MORNING TO YOU MY GOOD
WOMAN!—TWO DOZEN PACKETS
OF CORNFLAKES IF YOU
WOULD BE SO
KIND^{PLEASE}



...ARNOLD UNVEILED HIS
GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT...



...SO THE FINAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE....

PLUG IT IN,
FUMBLE....

THE FATEFUL BUTTON IS PRESSED

ZILCH!!

...AND...

...ALL THE LIGHTS ON
PLANET EARTH....

...WENT OUT!!

...OF COURSE - WORLD-WIDE
PANIC ENSUED....

SO AFTER A SUITABLE PERIOD HAS ELAPSED

NOW FUMBLE
REVERSE THE
PROCESS - THE
HOUR IS AT
HAND!!

OF COURSE!! NOW
I SEE!! WHAT A
FURSHLUGGINER
CLOD I AM!!

SMEX

DUH - SURE
ARNIE -!! UH?
-WATTAMINIT!!
NUTHIN'S
HAPPENIN'!!

-OH WELL - YOU WIN SOME
-YOU LOSE SOME...

WHAT ARNIE FORGOT, YOU SEE,
WAS THAT WHEN HE DRAINED ALL
THE EARTH'S ENERGY, HE SHUT
OFF THE POWER SUPPLY TO
THE ZILCHOTRON!!
-NIFTY HUH?....

AS HE
LATER PHILOSOPHIC-
ALLY CONCLUDED, IN
THE MEANTIME -NEXT
TIME YER ELECTRIC TOOTH-
BRUSH PACKS UP -
WHO KNOWS EH??

YESSIR, AMIGO... WE'RE GONNA CLEAR
THIS LAND FOR YA! YOU'LL HAVE ALL THESE
ACRES TA FARM ON...

..TA GRIND UP & BOIL WITH A
BUNCH A TOXIC CHEMICALS...

A black and white cartoon illustration. At the top, text reads: '..TA GRIND UP & BOIL WITH A BUNCH A TOXIC CHEMICALS...'. Below the text is a drawing of a factory with several smokestacks emitting thick, dark smoke that fills the upper right portion of the frame. The factory is situated on a hill. In the foreground, there is a body of water represented by wavy lines. Two dead fish are shown floating in the water, one on the left and one on the right. The drawing style is simple and expressive, using heavy black lines and cross-hatching for shading.

A cartoon illustration of a man in a cap and a woman smiling, with a small figure in the background. The man is holding a small object labeled 'CLOCK'. The text above them reads: "...TA MAKE PULP! PULP TA MAKE LOTSA PAPER WITH."

AMERICA NEEDS PAPER, BOY,
AND PLENTY OF IT!!

XPLITE?

THE EVOLUTION OF RAIN FOREST HABITATS HAS OCCURRED IN EQUATORIAL REGIONS AROUND THE PLANET - REGIONS THAT HAVE CHANGED LITTLE OVER TENS OF MILLIONS OF YEARS. THESE STABLE, UNCHANGING ENVIRONMENTS HAVE GIVEN RISE TO THE PLANET'S MOST DIVERSE & COMPLEX ECOSYSTEMS. THE PROCESS OF EVOLUTION HAS BEEN A LONG, SLOW, AND CONTINUOUS ONE.

DISTRIBUTION: Rainforests on the planet are found in three major regions: South America, Africa, and Asia/Australia/Pacific Islands. An estimated 7% of the planet's land area is covered by rainforest. Green plants are the "primary producers" of the biosphere, and they are the source of all life on earth. The destruction of rainforests will undoubtedly have long-lasting effects on the planet's ecosystem.



- CENTRAL & SOUTH AMERICAN RAIN FOREST NATIONS:**
- 1. Brazil
 - 2. Colombia
 - 3. Ecuador
 - 4. French Guiana
 - 5. Guyana
 - 6. Suriname
 - 7. Venezuela
 - 8. Peru
 - 9. Bolivia
 - 10. Paraguay
 - 11. Uruguay
 - 12. Chile
 - 13. Argentina
 - 14. Cuba
 - 15. Haiti
 - 16. Dominican Republic
 - 17. Puerto Rico

- ASIAN, AUSTRALIAN & PACIFIC ISLAND RAIN FOREST NATIONS:**
- 1. Indonesia
 - 2. Malaysia
 - 3. Philippines
 - 4. Brunei
 - 5. Singapore
 - 6. Papua New Guinea
 - 7. Vanuatu
 - 8. Solomon Islands
 - 9. Fiji
 - 10. Australia
 - 11. New Zealand
 - 12. Sri Lanka
 - 13. Nepal
 - 14. Bhutan
 - 15. Burma
 - 16. China

- AFRICAN RAIN FOREST NATIONS:**
- 1. Nigeria
 - 2. Cameroon
 - 3. Gabon
 - 4. Congo
 - 5. Zaire
 - 6. Angola
 - 7. Equatorial Guinea
 - 8. Sierra Leone
 - 9. Liberia
 - 10. Ivory Coast
 - 11. Ghana
 - 12. Senegal
 - 13. Guinea
 - 14. Sierra Leone
 - 15. Liberia
 - 16. Ivory Coast
 - 17. Ghana
 - 18. Senegal
 - 19. Guinea
 - 20. Sierra Leone
 - 21. Liberia
 - 22. Ivory Coast
 - 23. Ghana
 - 24. Senegal
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 - 86. Sierra Leone
 - 87. Liberia
 - 88. Ivory Coast
 - 89. Ghana
 - 90. Senegal
 - 91. Guinea
 - 92. Sierra Leone
 - 93. Liberia
 - 94. Ivory Coast
 - 95. Ghana
 - 96. Senegal
 - 97. Guinea
 - 98. Sierra Leone
 - 99. Liberia
 - 100. Ivory Coast

MAP LEGEND:

1. Tropical Rain Forest

2. Temperate Rain Forest

3. Boreal Rain Forest

4. Desert

5. Tundra

6. Grassland

7. Savanna

8. Shrubland

9. Mountain

10. Water

11. Urban

12. Agricultural

13. Industrial

14. Transportation

15. Political

16. Cultural

17. Historical

18. Scientific

19. Educational

20. Recreational

21. Religious

22. Commercial

23. Residential

24. Institutional

25. Government

26. Military

27. Law

28. Medicine

29. Education

30. Science

31. Technology

32. Industry

33. Agriculture

34. Forestry

35. Fishing

36. Mining

37. Energy

38. Transportation

39. Communication

40. Information

41. Entertainment

42. Sports

43. Leisure

44. Health

45. Food

46. Clothing

47. Housing

48. Infrastructure

49. Environment

50. Society

51. Culture

52. Religion

53. Philosophy

54. Art

55. Literature

56. Music

57. Film

58. Television

59. Radio

60. Internet

61. Mobile

62. Computing

63. Robotics

64. Space

65. Defense

66. Security

67. Justice

68. Law

69. Medicine

70. Education

71. Science

72. Technology

73. Industry

74. Agriculture

75. Forestry

76. Fishing

77. Mining

78. Energy

79. Transportation

80. Communication

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93. Religion

94. Philosophy

95. Art

96. Literature

97. Music

98. Film

99. Television

100. Radio



DESTRUCTION: Estimates of the magnitude, pace & direction of the destruction of the planet's tropical rainforests vary widely. Some estimates suggest that as much as 100,000 square kilometers of rainforest are lost each year. This loss is primarily due to human activities such as logging, agriculture, and urbanization. The destruction of rainforests has a significant impact on the planet's biodiversity and climate. It is estimated that 100 million species of plants and animals are at risk of extinction due to the loss of their habitats. The destruction of rainforests also contributes to global warming by releasing large amounts of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere.

DISTRIBUTION

ASIAN AUSTRALIAN & PACIFIC ISLAND
• RAW FOREST NATIONS •

1. _____

- [illegible]

AN ESTIMATED 70% OF THE PLANET'S LAND AREA IS COVERED WITH TROPICAL RAIN FORESTS - AN AREA ROUGHLY THE SIZE OF EUROPE. GREEN PLANTS ARE THE "PRIMARY PRODUCERS" OF THE

AFRICA

INDIAN
OCEAN

AUSTRALIA

(Signature)



RAINFORST
ION NETWORK

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DESTRUCTION

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1. Agency Address City State Zip

• JUNCTION WITH THE
OCCUPY, WILL BE

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12

1000

MAIN FORESTS

* ONE ADDITIONAL COPY *

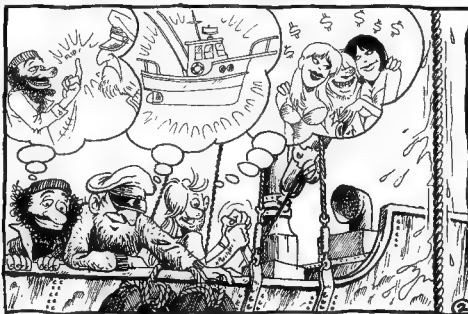
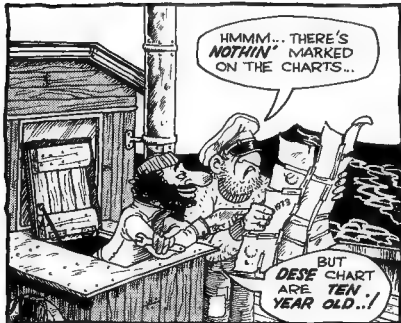
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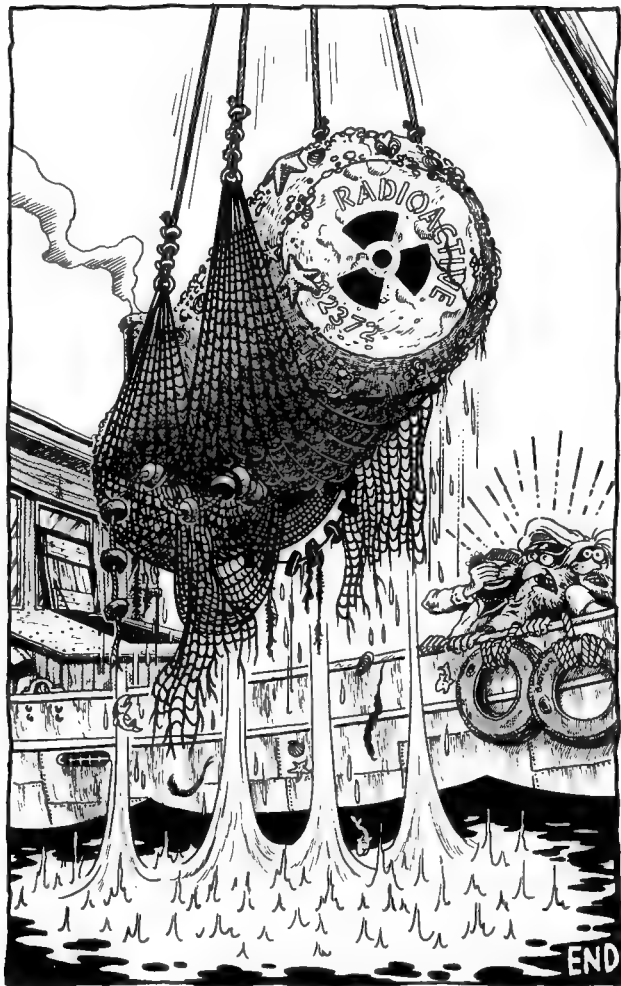
1990年12月15日

THE Big CATCH

BASED ON A
TRUE RUMOR...
© APRIL 1984
JOHN EDGAR







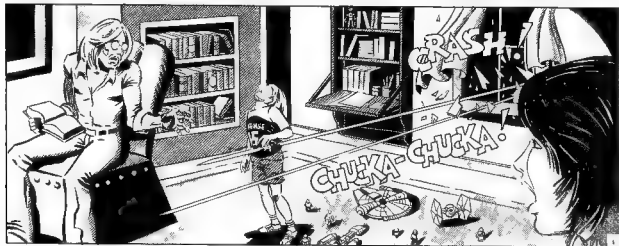


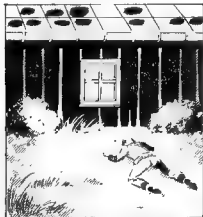
HELLO! I'M NELSON ROCKEFELLER,
THE ENERGY VAMPIRE! YOU KNOW, I'M DEAD,
BUT THIS STORY IS SO GOOD I HAD TO COME BACK
TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT! IT'S ABOUT ENERGY--
OR RATHER SOME OF THE FAR-REACHING SIDE
EFFECTS OF THE SCRAMBLE FOR THE STUFF!
A FEW STRAY NOTES IN AN...

OVERTURE TO ARMAGEDDON!

CALIFORNIA.
THE NEAR FUTURE.

GREENWOOD '81





IRONY. THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT ABOUT, WITH MY KID'S BLOOD FLOWING THRU MY FINGERS. THE IRONY OF IT.



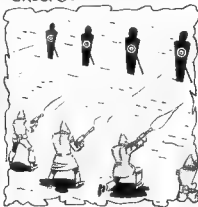
EVER SINCE THE U.S. GOT INVOLVED IN THE 'OIL WAR' IN THE MID-EAST...



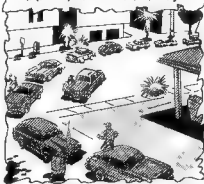
...THERE HAD BEEN GROWING ANTI-ISLAMIC HYSTERIA WITH XENOPHOBIA AND RACISM FOLLOWING IN IT'S WAKE.



THE KU KLUX KLAN EMERGED IN THE FORE-FRONT OF A HORDE OF RIGHT WING PARAMILITARY GROUPS.



THINGS WERE GETTING TOO HOT IN LA--CRIME, TRIGGER-HAPPY COPS, NAZIS, VIGILANTIES,...



...AND FINALLY SHOOT-OUTS AT THE GAS LINES.

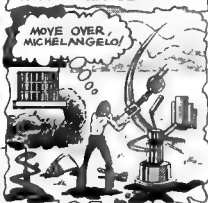
I PACKED UP MY FAMILY...



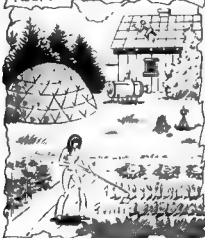
...AND MOVED TO AN ISOLATED FARMHOUSE UP NORTH NEAR THE NEVADA BORDER.



FREED FROM MY JOB AT A COMMERCIAL ART FIRM IN LA, I DEVOTED MYSELF TO MY FIRST LOVE, SCULPTURE. LYNN TOOK A JOB TEACHING IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY COLLEGE.



WE PLANTED A GARDEN AND I INSTALLED SOLAR HEATING PANELS ON THE ROOF.



THINGS WERE GOING GREAT UNTIL ONE NIGHT WE FOUND A CROSS BURNING IN OUR YARD. LYNN IS OF JAPANESE DESCENT. I NEVER THOUGHT MUCH ABOUT IT.



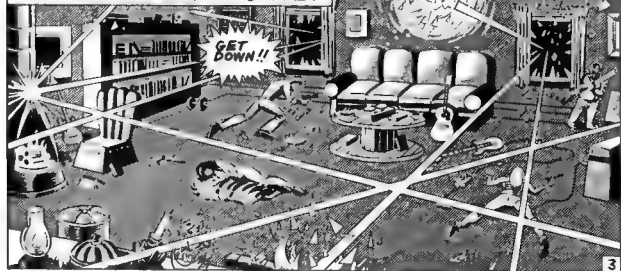
APPARENTLY SOME-ONE ELSE DID.

A MONTH LATER, MY OLD PAL, LARRY THE BASS PLAYER, AND HIS WIFE JOY CAME UP FOR A VISIT...



THE PEOPLE WITH THE CROSS WERE NOT HAPPY.

I WAS TORN BACK TO THE PRESENT BY A SUDDEN BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE.



I KEPT MY HEAD TO THE FLOOR FOR AN INTERMINABLE TIME.



IT ENDED AS SUDDENLY AS IT BEGAN... LEAVING A CASUALTY.



AN ETERNITY IN HELL WAS CUT SHORT.



SHRAPNEL IMBEDDED ITSELF IN MY STOMACH. THE CABIN WAS ON FIRE. IT FILLED WITH SMOKE.

I REMEMBERED THIS STORY I ONCE READ BY ERNEST HEMINGWAY.



THERE'S THIS LION THAT'S BEING HUNTED. IT'S WRITTEN FROM THE LION'S POINT OF VIEW. HE'S WOUNDED AND HE'S HIDING IN TALL GRASS.



HE CHARGES THE HUNTERS. THEY'RE PUMPING ROUND AFTER ROUND INTO HIM AND HE JUST KEEPS COMING. HALF HIS HEAD IS GONE AND HE'S CRAWLING AND HE JUST KEEPS COMING. HE KNOWS HE'S DEAD BUT HE'S HELL-BENT ON TAKING THEM WITH HIM.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE THE WAY TO DIE.



EPILOGUE: SOMETIME LATER, THE KLANSMEN WALK AWAY FROM THE NOW STILL FARMHOUSE...



... WALKING TOWARD THE EAST.

BOYS, WE LOST A FEW MEN BUT WE GOT THOSE NIGGER-LOVERS!

JUST LIKE OUR BOYS OVERSEAS ARE GONNA GIT THEM A-RABS!



JUST THEN, THE SKY LIT UP.



THE DAWN HAD ARRIVED PREMATURELY.



WHILE THE KLANSMEN HAD BEEN OUT OF TOWN, THINGS HAD BEEN HAPPENING. THE MID-EAST WAR HAD REACHED A CRISIS POINT. THE SOVIETS ATTEMPTED A FIRST STRIKE TO KNOCK OUT THE MX MISSILE SYSTEM.

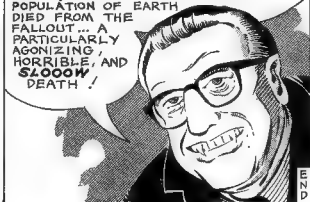


4600 WARHEADS CONVERGED ON THE GREAT BASIN OF UTAH AND NEVADA. HUGE SHOCK WAVES IMMEDIATELY RACED ACROSS CALIFORNIA TO THE OCEAN...

...TO SWEEP AWAY THE PETTY AFFAIRS OF WOMEN AND MEN.



YOW! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS PICKED THE WRONG NIGHT TO BE PARTYING OUT! WHAT A DEPRESSING STORY, EH? HOPE YOU GOT A BIG BANG OUT OF IT! I'M SURE THOSE KLANSMEN DID! BUT DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT THEM. THEY WERE AMONG THE LUCKY ONES... THE REMAINING POPULATION OF EARTH DIED FROM THE FALLOUT... A PARTICULARLY AGONIZING, HORRIBLE, AND SLOOOOW DEATH!



END

SUPER COSMIC COMIC CREATOR COMIX

© 1977
W. WOOD

KILGORE LEMMING WAS AN AVERAGE AMERICAN MIDDLE-CLASS NEUROTIC ACCIDENT-PRONE LEGENARY BUT IMPOVERISHED CARTOONIST...

A DEGREE FROM THE FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOL OF WESTPORT, CT. AND TEN YEARS OF THE UNDERGROUNDS, BUT SOCIETY STINKS WORSE THAN EVER. EVERYBODY ELSE SOLD OUT, AND NOW IT'S MY TURN!

TODAY I HAVE A PERSONAL APPOINTMENT WITH THE GREAT SID KNEE, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF MAMMOTH MANAGEMENT MONOPOLIES, THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOK COMPANY!



HEY! THAT WEIRD LOOKING CHARACTER IS WANDERING INTO THE SUBWAY TUNNEL!

IS BETTER YOU SHOULDN'T NOTICE EVERYTHING, DOLLINK, IN FACT, THE LESS THE BETTER.

SHOULDN'T SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING?

DIDN'T YOU USED TO WORK FOR THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS?

OH YAH! ZO YOU REMEMBER ME, EH? DOZE KIDS, PEY TAUGHT ME HOW TO SURVIVE IN NEW YORK ZITTY.



HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, LEMMING! I'M THE MYSTIC MESSENGER, AND THIS IS THE MESSAGE: YOU HAVE BEEN APPOINTED KEEPER OF THE WORDS! ONLY UNIL SUPERCEDED BY BETTER WORDS, OF COURSE.

THE WORDS ARE BEN DAY, A MODERN MIRACLE OF SCIENCE THAT CAN TONE LINE DRAWINGS IN PERFECT PATTERNS OF LINES AND DOTS.

IT CHANGED MINE.

CATCH YOU LATER, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH BILLY BADSON AT THE ALTIMAT. WHAT AN AEE ON THAT BOY!

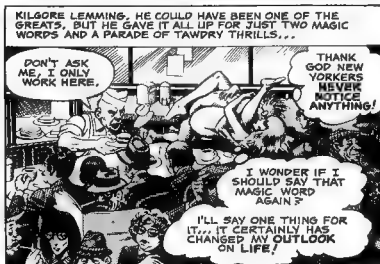
BEN DAY! JUST IMAGINE! BRUTE ENERGY AND NERVE, COMBINED WITH DANDRUFF, ACNE AND YAWS. IT'LL CHANGE YOUR LIFE.

HRUMMRUM
KAWEEFT-HRUM
POW
KA-CHUNG!









WILL KILGORE LEMMING DARE TO UTTER THE MAGIC WORDS IN A BRIGHTLY LIT MANHATTAN COFFEE SHOP IN FRONT OF ALL THESE PEOPLE? WOULDN'T YOU?

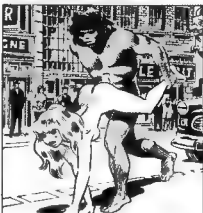


AND SO KILGORE BEGINS HIS NEW LIFE. BY DAY HE IS KILGORE THE BARBARIAN...



MAKING FILMS, MAKING PERSONAL APPEARANCES, MAKING MONEY...

AND BY NIGHT HE DRAWS THE ADVENTURES OF KILGORE THE BARBARIAN.



UNTIL FINALLY ONE DAY HE DOESN'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING AT ALL.

HEFNER? IS BARBI WITH HIM? NO? THEN FORGET IT!

AND SID, STOP BOTHERING ME WITH ALL THOSE TRIVIAL DETAILS OR YOU'RE THROUGH!

AND THE MORAL IS: SOME TALENT, HARD WORK, AND A BIT OF LUCK ARE ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE IT IN THE GLAMOROUS CARTOONING PROFESSION.

IF YOU KNOW A FEW MAGIC WORDS!

WE HADN'T HEARD FROM GREGOR LATELY ... WE'D GIVEN HIM UP FOR DEAD, AND EVEN WHEN WE FOUND HIM, WE COULDN'T TELL FOR SURE. BUT HERE HE IS, HARD AT IT, PONDERING THE ABSURDITIES OF AN URBAN GORILLA TOUGHING IT OUT IN THE COLD WORLD. THESE DAYS HE DOESN'T HAVE SO MUCH TIME TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT IT ALL MEANS ... IT TAKES ALL THE ENERGY HE CAN MUSTER JUST TO DEAL WITH PROCURING THE NECESSITIES ... BEER, CIGARETTES, AND SPARE CHANGE FOR TWINKIES. IN SHORT, GREGOR HAS BEEN CAUGHT IN THE CRUNCH. HE DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TO BEGIN WITH, AND THE SITUATION HAS BEEN DETERIORATING BY THE SECOND. IN ADDITION TO HIS WANING BANK ACCOUNT, HIS PSYCHIC RESERVES ARE SAPPED AND THERE'S NO RELIEF IN SIGHT. GREGOR IS DEPRESSED.



LIFE IS AS FLAT AS THE WARM BEER IN FRONT OF HIM.



SIXTY CENTS AND A PACK OF LUCKIES. GREGOR.



IT'S TIME TO HEAD FOR HOME.

NOT THAT THERE'S MUCH TO RECOMMEND HOME. IN HIS DEPRESSION, HE'S LET THINGS SLIDE A BIT.



SUICIDE HAS BEEN CONSIDERED... FRENCH KISS THE LIGHTBULB OR ..

.. STICK HIS HEAD IN THE OVEN, BUT HIS GAS & ELECTRIC WAS CUT OFF LONG AGO.

WE SUPPOSE HE COULD DROWN HIMSELF IN COLD WATER, BUT THEN HE'D HAVE TO DO THE DISHES FIRST..

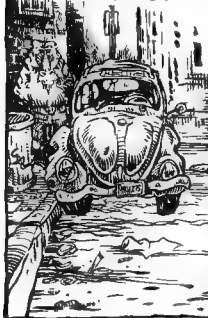
STRANGLE HIMSELF WITH HIS SHOESTRINGS? NO, GREGOR. LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE IS OUT.



ANYWAY, BEFORE HE CAN END IT ALL IN THE COMFORT OF HIS OWN HOME, HE'LL HAVE TO COAX HIS CAR TO LIFE.

AH, GREGOR'S AUTO CLASSIC, LAST VESTIGE OF HIS PIECE OF THE AMERICAN DREAM, FINAL REMNANT OF THE GOOD LIFE.

CRANK 'ER UP AND YOUR TROUBLES WILL DISAPPEAR AS YOU HIT THE OPEN ROAD, GREGOR.



START YOU SONOFABITCH
MOTHERFUCK START GODDAM IT
START START START
START

GREGOR CHANTS A SOOTHING MANTRA.. BEAST AND MACHINE ARE AS ONE

SUCCESS. THE ROAD AWAITS.

POMKATPAK KATTAPOMKATPAK

SUCCESS. THE ROAD AWAITS.

POMKATPAK KATTAPOMKATPAK

OWCH!
ARGH!
GODDAMMIT!

BAM!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, GREGOR?

OWCH!
ARGH!
GODDAMMIT!

BAM!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, GREGOR?

MAYBE SHE JUST NEEDS A LITTLE FINE TUNING.

GODDAMN THERE'S NO GOOD PUNCHING SON OF A BITCH

KRUNK!

SMASH!

A black and white cartoon illustration. A man wearing a raincoat and a hat is looking down at a large, dark, dripping object that resembles a giant, hollowed-out boot or a large, dark, dripping shoe. A speech bubble above him says "EMPTY". The background is filled with vertical lines representing rain.

SHE WAS RUNNING ON FUMES, GREGOR. SIXTY CENTS WILL BARELY WET THE BOTTOM OF THE TANK, BUT THERE IS A GAS STATION JUST OVER THE NEXT HILL.

SHE WAS RUNNING ON FUMES, GREGOR. SIXTY CENTS WILL BARELY WET THE BOTTOM OF THE TANK, BUT THERE IS A GAS STATION JUST OVER THE NEXT HILL.

LIFE SEEMS AN ENDLESS UPHILL STRUGGLE. JUST REMEMBER THAT PERSEVERANCE FURTHERS, GREGOR.



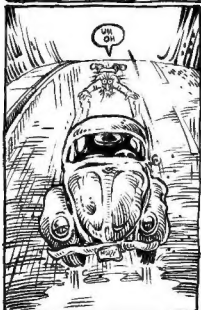
JUST A FEW MORE FEET, BIG G. JUST A FEW



.. MORE ..



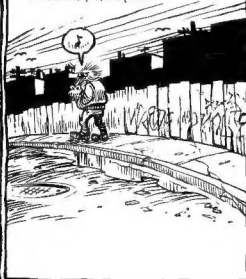
FEET!



GREGOR SUDDENLY HAS A BAD FEELING.



NO INSURANCE. NO LICENSE. NO REGISTRATION. TIME TO TAKE UP JOGGING, GREGOR.



A BRISK WALK WILL
DO YOU GOOD..

"GLAM.."

BILL
STIMULATE HEALTHY
ATTITUDE.



HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

WHY NOT PURSUE YOUR TRUE BUDDHA
NATURE, GREGOR? WHY NOT SEEK OUT
THE WAY?



HUNGRY IS
WHY. COLD AND
TIRED AND NO
MONEY IS WHY.

HE SEEKS BEER MONEY. HE SEEKS EMPTIES
STASHED IN THE BASEMENT. HE SEEKS
CASH TO SOOTH HIM ... BUT WHAT
IS THIS?

A WHEEL .. THE CIRCLE .. SYMBOL
OF CONSTANT CHANGE .. OF LIFE ..

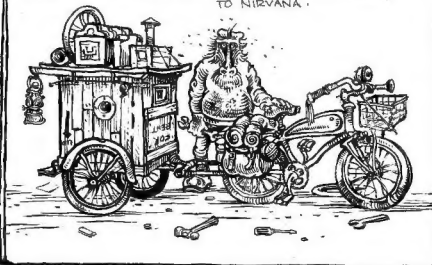


GREGOR CAN'T
AFFORD TO SEEK
GODHEAD.



DRIVEN BY SUDDEN VISION-
ARY ZEAL, GREGOR FINDS
NEW ENERGY.

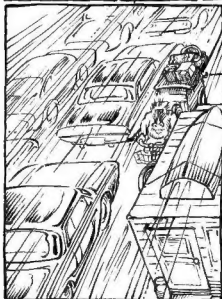
ESCAPE FROM THE HARSH STRUGGLES OF URBAN EXISTENCE,
GREGOR. PEDAL YOUR WAY TO PARADISE. YOUR TICKET
TO NIRVANA.



AS THE SUN RISES, GREGOR
SETS OUT ON HIS QUEST.



STRAIGHT IS THE GATE AND NARROW THE PATH, M'BOY.
NO ONE SAID IT WOULD BE EASY, AND AT A PAK A
DAY AND TWO SIX PAKS A NIGHT, IT ISN'T.



90% PERSPERATION
MY MAN.



CAST AWAY YOUR
ATTACHMENTS TO
THIS GROSS MATER-
IAL PLANE AND PUMP
TILL YOU PUKE.



OOPS. TIME TO REVISE THE MASTER PLAN.

